

In Recital

Casey Peden,
with
Annette Feist, harpsichord
Jeff Faragher, cello
and
Guest Artists
Mathias Silveira, violin
Sheldon Person, violin

Friday, December 15, 2000 at 8:00 pm



Arts Building
University of Alberta



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Quel fior, che all alba ride/That flower which smile at dawn

Quel fior, che all alba ride
Il sole poi l uccide
E tomba ha nella sera.
E un fior la vita ancora:
L occaso ha nell aurora,
E perde in un sol di la primavera.

E partirai, mia vita?/And will you leave me, oh my life?

E partirai, mia vita?
Ne in quel del tuo partir crudo momento
Fara l anima mia da me partita?
Ah! se un duro tormento
Nel ripensarvi sol quasi m uccide,
Che fara quel dolore,
Che allora (ahime) per gli sschi miei
Con tutti gli strali suoi
Mi scendera sul core?
Vedro teco ogni gioia, ogni bene,
Da me lungi rivolgere il pie,
E gli affanni, gli strazi, le pene,
Tutti insieme restarsi con me.
Vedro d ombre infelici,
Privo dei lumi tuoi,
Cingersi il giorno;
Scorgero d ogni intorno
Aggirarmisi orror, mestizia, e pianto;
E congiurati intanto un desir disperato
Ed un sovra d ogni altro aspro martire
Faranno il mio morir piu che morire.
Pria che spunti un di si fiero
Togli a me la vita, o Amor.
Onde men l anima afflitta,
Ne dal duol tanto traffitta,
Nel da lui preso sentiero
Possa gir dietro al suo cor.

That flower which smile at dawn
is later killed by the sun,
and finds its grave in the evening.
Life too is a flower:
Its sunset is already there in its dawn,
and it loses its spring in a single day.

And will you leave me, oh my life?
And will not my soul leave me
in that cruel moment of your departing?
Ah! If merely thinking of it almost kills me
with a harsh torment,
what will be the effect of that grief
which (alas) will pierce my eyes
and fall on my heart with all its darts?
I shall see all joy, all pleasure,
go with you far away from me,
and grief, torture and pain
remain all together with me.
I shall see the day,
deprived of the light of your eyes,
plunged into unhappy shadows;
I shall see myself surrounded
on all sides by horror, sadness and tears;
and meanwhile, desperate desire
and suffering more bitter than any other
will conspire to make my dying worse than
death.
Before such a dreadful day dawns,
take my life, O God of Love;
so that my soul, less afflicted,
and not so pierced with grief,
may go after my heart
along the path it has taken.

Translation by Terence Best